Sam calls within, *where are you there?*

Sam. Boy look you walk my horse with discretion, I haue rid him simply, I warrand his skin sticks to his back with very heate, if a should catch cold & get the Cough of the Lunges I were well serued, were I not? What Raph and Oliuer.

Am. Honest fellow *Sam* welcome yfaith, what tricks hast thou brought from London.

Furnisht with things from London.

Sa. You see I am hangd after the trueſt fashion, three hats, and two glasses, bobbing vpon em, two rebato wyers vpon my breſt, a capcase by my side, a brush at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, & three ballats in my Codpeece, naie I am the true picture of a Common seruingman.

Oliuer Ile sweare thou art, Thou maist set vp when thou wilt, Ther's many a one begins with lesse I can tel thee that proues a rich man ere he dyes, but whats the news from London *Sam.*

Ralph. I thats well sed, whats the newes from London Sirrah.

My young mistresse keeps such a puling for hir loue.

Sam. Why? the more foole shee, I, the more ninny hammer shee.

Oli. Why *Sam* why?

Sam. Why hees married to another Long ago?

Ambo. Ifaith ye lest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? why, hees married, beates his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note that any woman beares the more when she is beaten.

Raph. I thats true for shee beares the blowes,

Oliuer

Oliu. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years wage my yong mistres knew so much, sheed run vpon th lefte hand of her wit, and nere be here owne woma agen.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, tha he neuer came in her bed, why hee has consumed al pawnd his lands, and made his vniuersitie brothe stand in waxe for him, Thers a fine phrase for a scriue ner, puh he owes more then his skins worth.

Oli. Is't possible.

Sa. Nay Ile tell you moreouer he calls his wife whore as familiarly as one would cal *Mal* & *Dol*, and his children bastards as naturally as can bee, but what haue we heere, I thought twas somwhat puld downe my breeches: I quite forgot my two potingsticks, these came from London, now any thing is good heer that comes from London.

Oli. I, farre fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your conscience yfaith, haue not we as good potingsticks ith Cuntry as need to be put ith fire, The mind of a thing is all, The mind of a thing's all, and as thou saidst eene now, farre fetcht is the best thinges for Ladies.

Oliu. I, and for waiting gentle women to.

Sam. But Ralph, what, is our beer sower this thunder?

Oli. No no it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, Ile teach you the fineſt humor to be drunk in, I learnd it at London last week.

Am. I faith lets heare it, lets heare it.

Sam. The braueſt humor, twold do a man good to